

SOUTH ATLANTIC LEGACY

By Sydney Parkman

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CHAPTER XIV ONE CUBAN NIGHT

It was past eleven o'clock when they finally left Father Maloney's house and made their way under his guidance to the self-styled "hotel".

It was a beautiful moonlight night and as they walked along the silent and deserted waterfront, the still waters of the landlocked bay shone like burnished silver. The spars and cordage of the fishing craft lying at anchor were etched clearly against the lambent light and the dusty road gleamed white under the deep shadow of the tree-clad hillside.

"That's the sloop," the priest told them pointing out a small vessel lying somewhat apart from the fishing boats. "What did you say her tonnage was?" the Major asked. "About four or five?" "Something like that," Father Maloney said. "I know she's small enough to be handled alone, though there's comfortable accommodation aboard her for two people. Poor old Salter would have had a fit if he'd known that his two hired hands were sleeping in his cabin tonight!"

They found their melancholy host sitting up for them, and the priest greeted him cheerfully in Spanish. "Will these friends of your want to eat or drink before they go to their rooms?" the landlord asked.

"They are tired and all they want is to go to bed," Father Maloney answered. "You remember what I told you about the morning?"

"Everything is prepared," the landlord assured him. "Bartolomeo has lent me his small boiler and there will be plenty of hot water. It is thanks to you padre, that we begin well as a hotel for foreigners. We shall not forget it. And would you believe it we had another Senior here this evening, who will engage a room. Not for to-night you understand, but in a week's time. An American, I think."

"Things are looking up!" the priest told him with a laugh. "What does this Senior intend to do in Carbonaras? Is he connected with the new road?"

"I would not ask him a question like that!" the landlord protested in a shocked voice. "Perhaps it is that, and perhaps it is some other thing. But he was a very particular Senior, and he made Dona Lucia show him all the three rooms that we have before he would decide. It was the Seniorita's room that he liked best."

"I can see that you will soon become a veritable proprietor Esteban!" Father Maloney pronounced gravely. "Well, I will leave my friends to your good care, Buenos noches!"

He said good night to the others and departed back to his own house and the solemn Esteban proceeded to light candles for his guests. It was only then that Diana remembered that she was sleeping on the ground floor, away from the others, and she made a little grimace of distaste as the landlord opened the door and placed her candle within.

Toby was quick to notice it. "What's the matter?" he asked. "Don't you like the idea of sleeping down here?"

"I don't—much," she admitted reluctantly. "It's idiotic, I know, but I'd much rather be upstairs."

"Upstairs it shall be then!" he told her cheerfully. "I don't care two hoots where I sleep, and it's only a matter of swapping bags. It's lucky we haven't unpacked though."

He turned to explain the situation to the sleepy landlord in halting Spanish and in another few minutes the transfer of luggage had been made.

"You are a dear, Toby," the girl told him, as she started to go upstairs to her room. "You're sure you don't mind sleeping down there?"

"I'll scream if I'm frightened," he assured her gravely, and turned into his new room and shut the door.

It has been a long and tiring day but his brain was far too active to allow him to go to sleep at once, and for a long time he lay and thought over the events of the evening.

There was something fantastic about it all—this story of buried treasure. And yet the details of it were prosaic enough. No pirate's long hidden hoard of pieces-of-eight and moldores, but the purchased modern coins of booze-smugglers with an unusual sense of caution. And the clues were no crudely drawn charts on faded parchment but an elderly seaman's brief notes on cheap notepaper.

But for all that, there was romance enough in it for any old-time story. There was murder and a pretty girl—two of the most necessary ingredients. And there was the lost clue—the inevitable lost clue.

He lay thinking about that. He did not agree with Major that the late Captain Salter had never even written the letter. From what little he had seen of him, he judged that he had been far too blunt a man to take refuge in a lie in order to save himself trouble. If he had stated that he had written the letter—then the odds were that the

had.

But what had become of it? Had it gone astray in the post by some mischance or had he been carrying it upon him at the time of his death?

The problem pursued his in his sleep however, and he dreamed that he had undertaken a survey flight of the whole of the Bahamas in an antiquated machine, with the object of identifying

the island from the drawing which Father Maloney had supplied. It appeared that it was shaped in the form of a five-pointed star, and he felt convinced that he would have no difficulty in spotting it if only he could keep the machine out of a spin. But that was the difficulty.

In some inexplicable way, the wretched thing remained on the point of stalling whatever he did to it. No matter how hard he pulled the stick back her nose kept dropping and he was forced to open up the throttle till the engine roared deafeningly. It seemed inevitable that he would smash the ship up, but at least that would rule out the danger of being burned to death.

The islands shot up towards him as he hurtled through the air, with the wind singing shrilly through the struts and he was within a hundred feet of the ridged sand below, when he woke up.

In spite of the vividness of his dream he awoke with the impression that it was something else that had perked him into consciousness, and he lay for some moments gathering his scattered senses together and listening.

All was deathly still in the house. Outside the cicades were still chirruping, and a frog was croaking at regular monotonous intervals, but there seemed to be nothing to account for the impression he had received.

And then came a slight rustle, which his sharpened senses told him was definitely in the room.

He lay perfectly quiet listening intently. The sound had come from somewhere quite near him, as far as he could judge and slightly to one side of the bed. He told himself that it was probably a mouse or a rat, but some inner sense gave the lie to such an obvious explanation and as he lay he sensed himself ready to spring out of bed at the first corroboration of his unformed suspicions.

And then it happened.

A tiny pencil of light leapt into being from the darkness of that side of the bed and settled on his face, and at the bed and settled on his face and at the same instant something wet and heavy was slapped over his face and clamped down as though with a vice.

For a few seconds he hardly knew what happened.

He was conscious of struggling madly with the sickly, sweet smell of chloroform strong in his nostrils. His assailant had flung himself on top of him and was pinning him down under the bedclothes but he was putting every ounce of his strength into a frantic effort to get clear. He realised that unless he could do so in the next few seconds, he was lost; for with every breath the anaesthetic was robbing him of the ability to fight his way out.

At first he concentrated on trying to break that relentless grip on his face but he could not get his hands free from the sheet, and strive as he would he found it impossible to twist his body clear of the other's weight.

Abandoning the attempt he punched upwards through the sheet at his assailant's body and here he achieved something like success, for he heard a muffled grunt of pain, and he felt the fellow flinch away from him.

He drove in two more blows; and then, with a supreme effort heaved his tautened body up and sideways.

The effort succeeded. He managed to twist over and the pad slipped from his face as the man sought to maintain his balance. The next instant he had completed his turning movement and still partly wrapped in the sheet, fell out of bed and as he did so he heard the other man spring off the bed above him and there followed a rush of muffled footsteps across the room.

With his head singing he scrambled out on hands and knees and staggered weakly to his feet, prepared to continue the fight on more equal terms. It seemed, however, that the other had no stomach for this, for as he rose to an upright position he saw the heavy curtains swept back and a dark figure was silhouetted dimly against the scarcely less intense darkness outside.

It appeared that his late assailant was now bent only upon making his escape.

Dazed as he was he had no intention of allowing him to get away if he could prevent him, and without a moment's hesitation he plunged across the room after him.

He caught him up just as he was in the act of getting out of the window, and he grappled with him promptly and tried to pull him back inside.

"Leggo, you—" the man snarled, and he half twisted on the sill and struck out savagely at Toby's face.

That young man sensed the blow coming and ducked. He had got a grip in the other's collar with his left hand, and as the fellow's face was turned towards him he drew back with his right and drove in a punch with all the strength he could muster.

The blow landed home but there was little force behind it. He heard the man grunt at its impact but the next moment he lunged back with his other hand, and Toby felt a sharp searing pain along his ribs on the left side of his chest.

He staggered back, releasing his hold of the man's collar and the next instant the intruder had slid over the window-sill and was gone.

"What on earth is the matter?" the Major demanded irascibly. "What's going on down there? How the blazes do you expect anyone to sleep through that infernal noise?"

The landlord, looking slightly ludicrous in a long white nightshirt, shook his head uncomprehendingly, and pointed to Toby's door.

"It is the young Senior," he explained in Spanish. "He has had a bad dream perhaps."

"What is it Daddy?" came Diana's voice, and she, too, appeared at the head of the stairs with a dressing-gown over her nightdress.

The landlord hastily averted his eyes and made for the door of Toby's room, and the other two came slowly down the stairs the Major still growling ferociously in reply to his daughter's inquiries.

A loud exclamation from the landlord something startling in Toby's room, apprising them that he had discovered they hurried down the remainder of the stairs and followed him in.

By the feeble light of the two candles the scene which met their eyes was anything but reassuring. The bedclothes lay strewn about the floor in wild confusion; one of the window curtains had been partly torn down in the struggle and hung trailing jankily from a single hook; while Toby himself was standing facing them with a bloodstained towel held to the side of his naked chest. His pyjama jacket—also ominously streaked and stained with blood—lay discarded on the floor beside him and the whole place was reeking with the heavy, sickly appearance of chloroform.

"Toby!—what have you done to yourself?" Diana exclaimed hurrying towards him while the Major stood just inside the doorway, gazing at him speechlessly.

The landlord has set his candle down, and was pouring water from an earthenware jug into the wash-basin at the same time keeping up a string of horrified ejaculations to which no one paid the slightest attention.

"It's nothing much," Toby said with a somewhat wan grin. "Someone came in through the window and tried to cut me with chloroform. I objected and he took a poke at me with a knife I don't think he's done much harm."

"Let me have a look at it!" she ordered white-faced but calm, and he meekly obeyed and displayed a long, ugly looking gash high up on the side of his chest. It was still bleeding freely, but actually it looked far worse than it was, for the knife-point had evidently glanced off his ribs and ploughed a furrow along the skin which was nowhere deep.

"This is a nice thing to happen!" the Major exclaimed indignantly. "The police ought to be notified about it immediately."

"It's a doctor we want!" his daughter retorted. "Toby, can't you tell this man to fetch one?"

She had already dipped the towel in the wash-hand basin and was busy staunching the flow of blood from the wound, while the landlord stood by and goggled at the victim of the attack unhappily.

Toby passed on the request to him in broken Spanish and he started spasmodically.

"Uno Medico?" he exclaimed, as though the idea was one which would never have occurred to him in the circumstances. "Ah, si, si, Senior!" And he withdrew hurriedly to acquaint his wife with what had happened, and put on some more clothes before essaying into the street.

(To Be Continued)

Globe and Mail: So far nobody has had the bright idea of connecting the discovery of some venerable bones in an East York gravel pit with the disappearance of Ambrose Small.

Pioneer Residents of Bucke Township Hold Re-Union

The following article from last week's Halleyburian, referring to a family well-known in the North, members of which have taken an important and valuable part in the development and progress of the country, will be read with much interest:—

Wedding Anniversary Observed

On the afternoon of Sunday, October 27th, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Pirie, widely known and popular residents of the township of Bucke, was the scene of a reunion of the family, in honour of the 42nd anniversary of their marriage, which took place at Hull, Quebec, on October 26th, 1898.

Present were one married daughter, Mrs. G. A. Loach, of Kirkland Lake; five married sons, Charles G. and Harold, of Timmins; William T. and Russell, Lorrain Valley, and Lloyd of Matachewan. The latter had been married the previous day to Miss Francis Smith, of the mining town. Two unmarried children Florence and Cliff, were at home for the anniversary, while the other member of the family, Pie, Gordon J. Pirie, serving with the C.A.S.F. at Quebec City, was unable to be present. With the exception of Mrs. Harold Pirie and son, Donald, all the daughters-in-law, the son-in-law, Mr. Loach, and the grandchildren were in the party.

Mr. and Mrs. Pirie came to North Cobalt in 1910 from Eardley, Que. For 12 years, 1917-1929 they lived in Lorrain township and since then have made their home in Bucke township, near North Cobalt. This week they have been receiving the congratulations of a large circle of acquaintances.

Most Important

"Now, in getting a meal, what is the first and most important thing?" asked the domestic science instructor. "Find the can-opener," shouted thirty girls without a moment's hesitation.—Exchange.

Found False Face Marked As Being Made in Germany

A North Bay citizen last week was very wrathful—and with due cause—when he found that a false face that he had bought for Halloween was marked as "made in Germany." The suggestion that it might have been bought before the war started was no comfort to him. He wrote the newspapers about it, mentioning the store where the German article was purchased. Apparently he thought there ought to be a law against it, as he realized the fact that every dollar spent for German goods means an extra dollar for Germany to use in attempting to kill off the Canadian boys overseas and to deliberately murder British women and children. He was not content to just let the matter drop, without a constructive suggestion. "Why not have a Buy British campaign to down Hitler?" he asked. "Let us not help Hitler by buying or selling German goods. The letter ended with the words:—"There'll Always be an England."

Didn't Speak

Three men were lined up before a cross-eyed Judge. Judge: (Glaring at first man): "What's your name?" Second man: "John Jones, sir." Judge: (Glaring at second man): "I wasn't talking to you." Third man: "I didn't say anything."—Exchange

Town of Timmins

TAKE NOTICE that the following question:

"Are you in favour as a wartime measure under the Local Government Extension Act 1940 of the Municipal Council elected for 1941 holding office for the term of two years?"

Will be submitted to the votes of the Electors on the 2nd day of December, at the same time and at the same places as the Annual Election for the Municipal Council.

And that the 28th day of November, A.D. 1940, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon at the Municipal Building in the Town of Timmins has been fixed for the appointment of persons to attend at the polling places and at the final summing up of the votes by the Clerk.

Dated at Timmins, this 4th day of November, 1940

A. L. SHAW, Clerk.

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Massive new Ford V-8 Trucks are the economy trucks for 1941 * 59 body and chassis types, 3 V-8 engines and 8 wheelbases supply a Ford unit for more than 95% of all truck operations.

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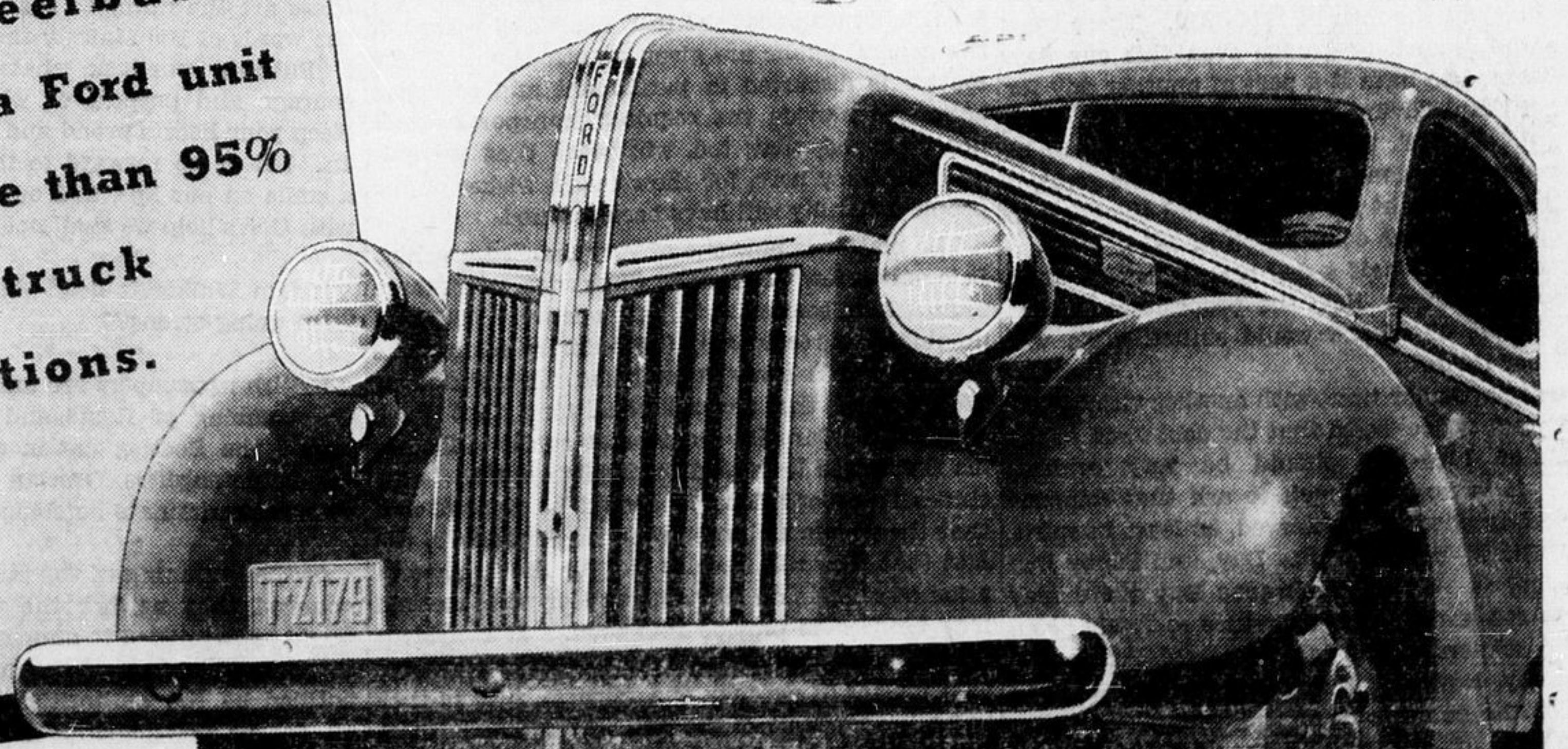
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Factory retail prices reduced \$26 to \$32 on Cab-over-Engine chassis with cab. Commercial car chassis with cab increased only \$12. Regular truck chassis with cab increased only \$16.

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